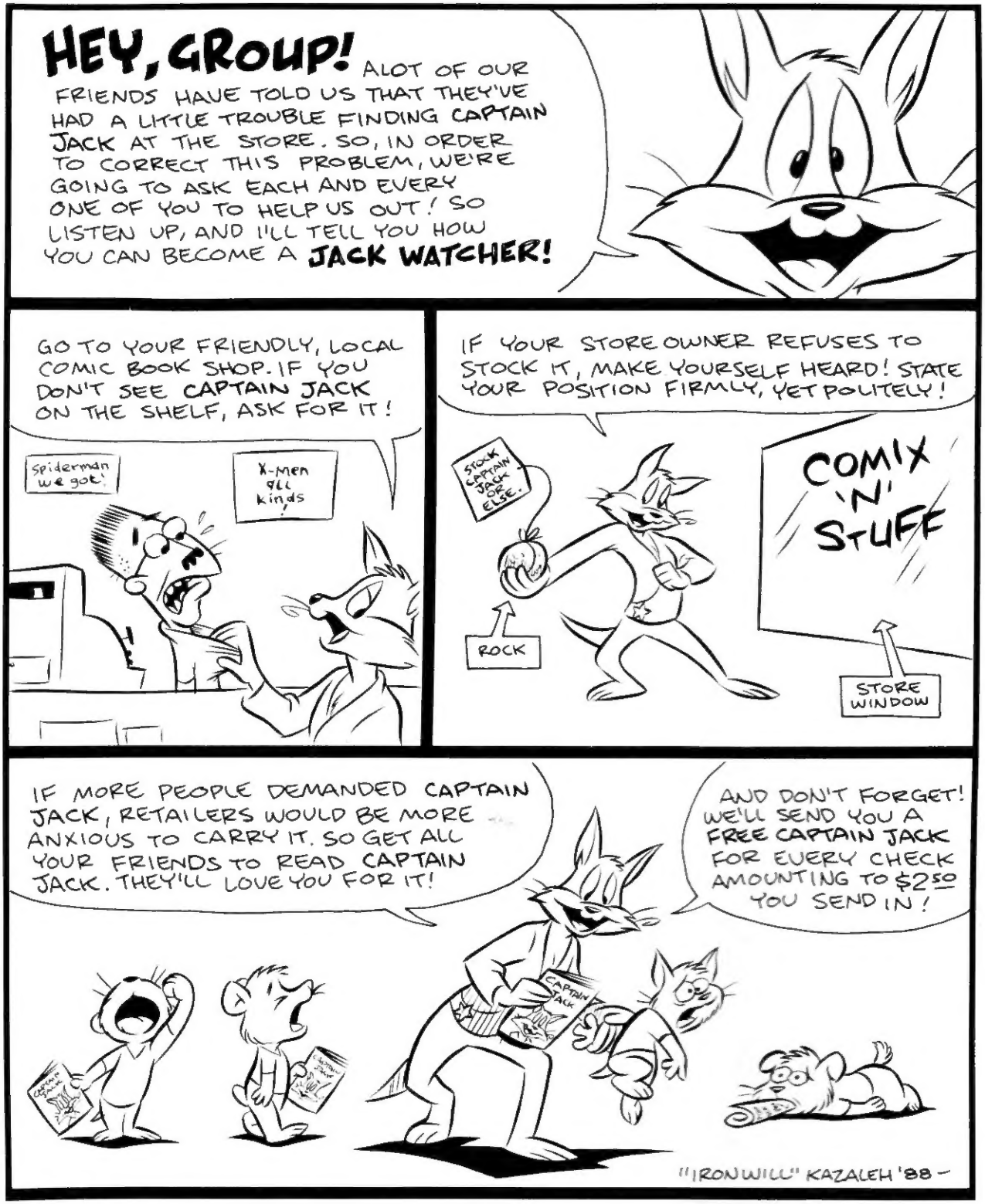
the Adventures of

Captain JACK

NUMBER ELEVEN

FANTAGRAPHICS BOOKS



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THE CAPTAIN'S CREW

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Printed at: **PORT PUBLICATIONS, Wisconsin**

GOOD MORNING, LUV....
'MORNING! DID YOU HAVE A NICE REST?
MMMM...JUST WONDERFUL. YOU?
FINE..
SO WHAT'S ON THE AGENDA TODAY?
WELL, ADAM AND THE CAPTAIN ARE OUT RUNNING ERRANDS...
..THEY LEFT US SOME MONEY TO DO THE LAUNDRY AND GET SOMETHING TO EAT...
"RUNNING ERRANDS", HUH? WHEN ARE THEY EXPECTED BACK?

"Good Connections!"

-a Captain Jack adventure! by M. KAZACH '88-

THE MAYOR...?! OF DETROIT?
I DON'T MEAN THE MAYOR OF PARMA! HE OWES ME A FAVOR. I THOUGHT HE COULD GIVE US A LOAN.
-YOU SURE THIS IS HIS HOUSE, CAP? I MEAN, IT'S A LITTLE...
...UNTIDY? YEAH... MUST BE THE GARDENER'S DAY OFF.
HELLO, WHAT'S THIS?
Mooved to New Lokashun 43. E. Willis -Mayor Stone
I GUESS HE'S BUILT A NEW MANSION. BUT WHY WOULD HE PUT IT ON A SHABBY BLOCK LIKE EAST WILLIS? MUST BE URBAN RENEWAL..

SO WHERE ARE WE HEADING, MR. CHISHOLM?
I THOUGHT WE'D HEAD ON DOWN TO THIS CHINESE RESTAURANT I KNOW FOR SOME LUNCH.-SOUND OKAY?
CHINESE FOOD... I HAVEN'T HAD THAT SINCE I WAS FOUR YEARS OLD! AND AFTER GOING THE DAY WITHOUT FOOD YESTERDAY, I CERTAINLY AM HUNGRY!
SEMTA
US MAIL
I REMEMBER THE RESTAURANT HAD A BIG STATUE OF BUDDHA BY THE FRONT DOOR. IS THIS PLACE LIKE THAT?
WELL... NOT EXACTLY...
GOT 'NY MORE SOY SAUCE FER THESE EGGROLLS, LOO?
CHING'S RESTAURANT
CLOSED

THIS IS NUMBER FORTY-THREE, HUH?
YES. THIS IS IT.
A BIT MODEST, ISN'T IT?
QUITE.
...THEN I GUESS WE CAN FORGET ABOUT THAT LOAN, HUH CAPTAIN?
43
to the Mayor
THERE'S GOTTA BE AN EXPLANATION..
KNOK
KNOK
WHO IS IT?
PUT DOWN THE ROD, CLOD! IT'S ME, JACK!

JACK, YOU OLD SUNNUFABITCH!
¿QUÉ PASA, AMIGO?
SMACK
WHO'S THE TORPEDO?
HIS NAME'S ADAM. SAY "HELLO" TO THE MAYOR, ADAM.
HULLO.
DON'T BE BASHFUL, ADAM. COME IN! ME AND THE MAYOR ARE OLD PALS!
THA'S RIGHT! JACK WAS ONE OF MY BEST DEALERS BACK WHEN I OPENED THE MUNICIPAL CASINO!
YEP. THEM WAS THE GOOD OL' DAYS... BUT NOW... NOW....
(SNURK)!
BAAWLLL!!
COLEMAN! WHAT'S WRONG?
JACK, THE MOB HAS MOVED INTO TOWN!

THE B.O. PATE GANG HAS KEPT OUR FAIR CITY IN A GRIP OF TERROR! EXTORTION! PAYOLA! PROSTITUTION! GAMBLING! YOU NAME IT!
HOW SIMPLY DREADFUL! -MUSCLING IN ON YOUR RACKET!

SO WHY DON'T YOU SEND IN THE COPS?
-YOU KIDDIN'? THE POLICE WENT ON STRIKE TWO YEARS AGO AND THEY AIN'T BEEN BACK SINCE!
"PIGEON MUERTE"

I'M A RUINED MAN! FINISHED! WASHED-UP! KAPUT!
THERE, THERE... NO NEED TO CARRY ON SO. UNCLE JACK IS HERE TO HELP!

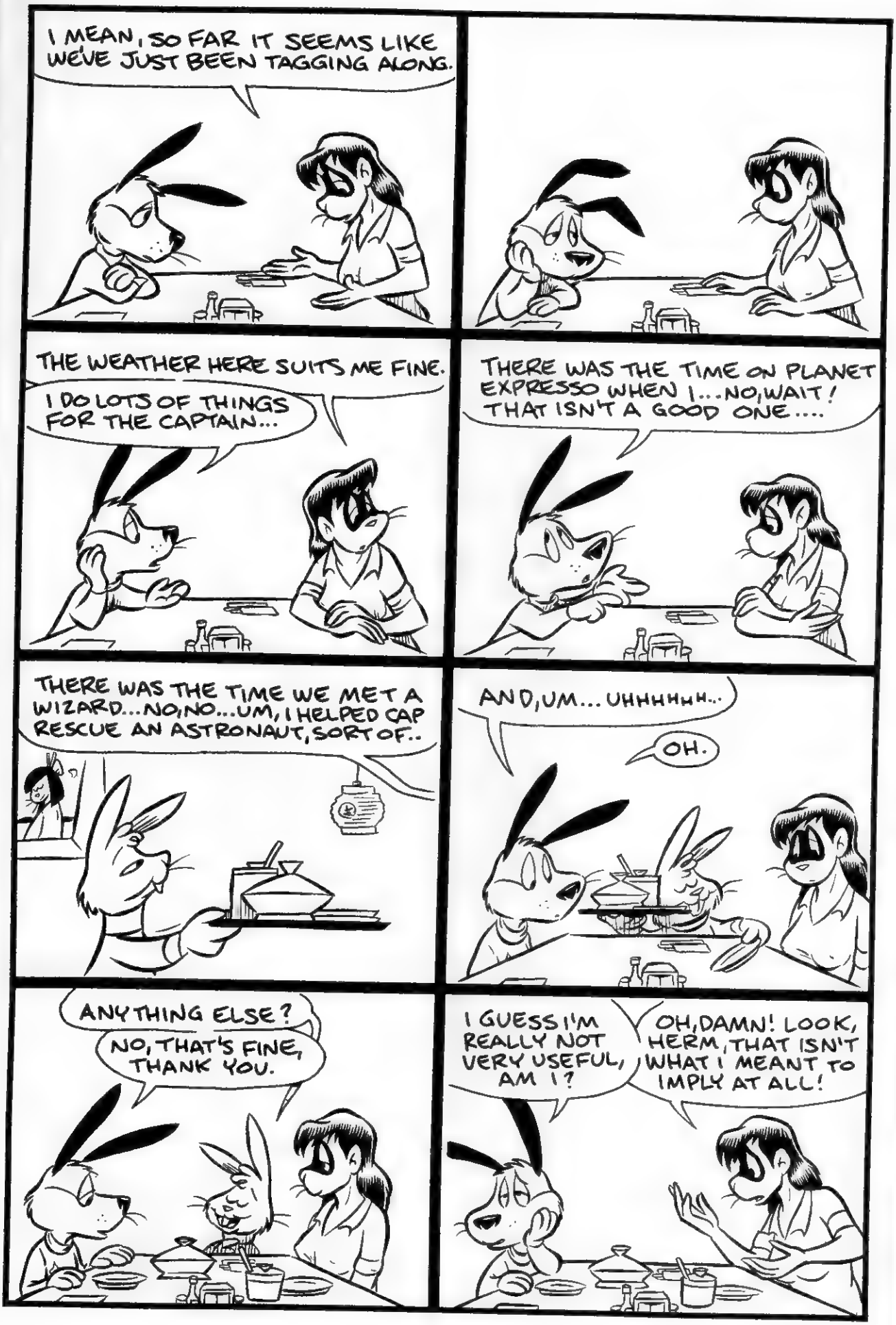
C'MON... IT'S GONNA BE ALRIGHT..
(SNURF)!

DO... DO YOU REALLY THINK YOU CAN HELP?
YOU JUST LEAVE EVERYTHING TO OL' JACK! JUST TELL ME WHERE I CAN FIND THIS B.O. PATE..

-THE B.O. PATE MOB-
3950 CASS AVE. DETROIT, MI 48201
PHONE-(313) 833-7560 MON-SAT
"Serving all your Racketeering needs"
JUNE 2272
SUN MON TUES WED THUR FRI SAT
JACK, YOU'RE A PAL! I'LL NEVER FORGET YOU FOR THIS!
OH, IT'S NOTHING, HONESTLY..
NO, JACK! YOU ARE ONE OF THE GOOD ONES! WHATEVER YOU GOT UP YOUR SLEEVE, GO TO IT!
GOOD LUCK, MY FRIEND!
SO LONG, COLEMAN!
GOOD-BYE!
'BYE MR. MAYOR!
GOODBYE! SEE YA!
43
to the MaYor

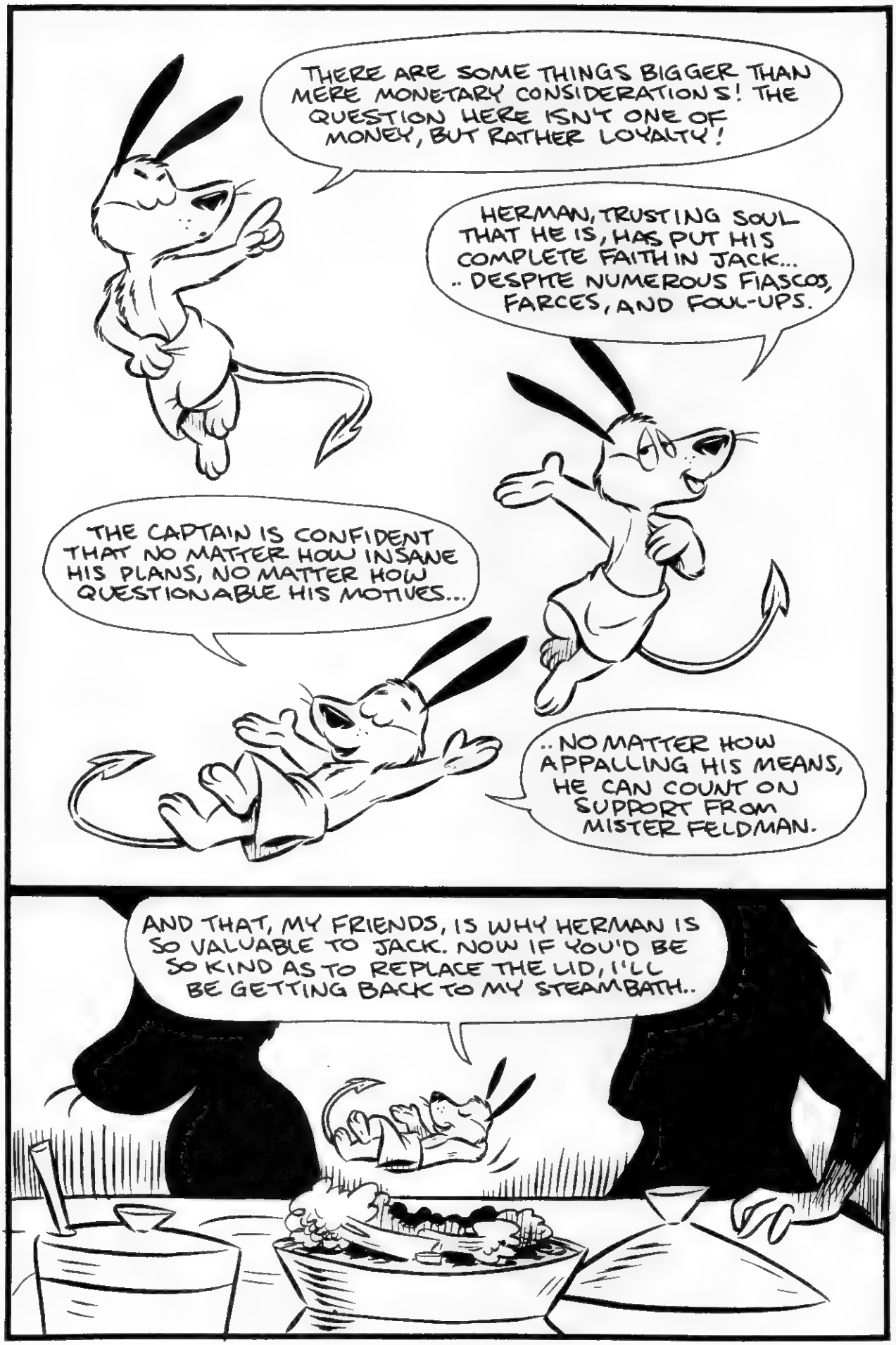
CAPTAIN! I'M PROUD OF YOU.
FOR WHAT?
FOR HELPING OUT THE MAYOR LIKE THAT.
WHAT ARE YOU, NUTS?
HOW AM I SUPPOSED TO FIGHT A MOB?
WE'RE GOING TO SEE B.O. PATE SO'S MAYBE WE CAN MAKE A DEAL WITH HIM.
-YOU COMIN'?
WOODWARD
WILLIS E.

YOU KNOW, HERM, THERE'S SOMETHING I'VE BEEN MEANING TO ASK YOU.....
ASK ME ANYTHING..
KIKKOMAN
SINCE WE MET, I'VE SORT OF BEEN WONDERING... NO, MAYBE I'D BETTER KEEP MY MOUTH SHUT...
DON'T WANNA ASK ME, HUH?
NO.. NEVERMIND.
SO WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THE WEATHER HERE IN DETROIT?
YOU SURE YOU WANT ME TO ASK?
SURE I'M SURE. ASK ME.
WELL, UH.. WHAT EXACTLY DO YOU DO FOR THE CAPTAIN, APART FROM THE LAUNDRY, I MEAN...?


I MEAN, SO FAR IT SEEMS LIKE WE'VE JUST BEEN TAGGING ALONG.
THE WEATHER HERE SUITS ME FINE.
I DO LOTS OF THINGS FOR THE CAPTAIN...
THERE WAS THE TIME ON PLANET EXPRESSO WHEN I...NO, WAIT! THAT ISN'T A GOOD ONE....
THERE WAS THE TIME WE MET A WIZARD...NO, NO...UM, I HELPED CAP RESCUE AN ASTRONAUT, SORT OF..
AND, UM... UHHHHHH...
OH.
ANYTHING ELSE?
NO, THAT'S FINE, THANK YOU.
I GUESS I'M REALLY NOT VERY USEFUL, AM I?
OH, DAMN! LOOK, HERM, THAT ISN'T WHAT I MEANT TO IMPLY AT ALL!

WHAT YOU DO ISN'T IMPORTANT. YOU'RE A SWEET LITTLE GUY AND I CARE ABOUT YOU VERY MUCH..
I LOVE YOU! NOW DOESN'T THAT COUNT FOR SOMETHING?
WELLLLL, YEAH! IT DOES... IT COUNTS FOR A LOT, ACTUALLY.
YOU BET IT DOES! C'MEER AND GIVE ME A HUG, YOU!
NOW, WHAT DO YOU SAY WE JUST RELAX AND DIG INTO THIS FINE, STEAMING-HOT MEAL, EH?
SOUNDS GOOD TO ME!
VOILA!
HI, THERE!

THAT'S WHAT I LIKE BEST ABOUT CHINESE FOOD! IT REALLY OPENS UP THE PORES!
HOTEL YORBA
I'VE BEEN LISTENING TO YOUR CONVERSATION, AND I THINK YOU WRONG HERMAN BY SUGGESTING THAT HE DOESN'T SERVE THE CAPTAIN SOME PURPOSE...
NOW, WAIT A MINUTE! THAT ISN'T...
ON THE CONTRARY! HERMAN IS QUITE VALUABLE TO JACK, AND I'LL TELL YOU WHY...


THERE ARE SOME THINGS BIGGER THAN MERE MONETARY CONSIDERATIONS! THE QUESTION HERE ISN'T ONE OF MONEY, BUT RATHER LOYALTY!
HERMAN, TRUSTING SOUL THAT HE IS, HAS PUT HIS COMPLETE FAITH IN JACK... .. DESPITE NUMEROUS FIASCOS, FARCES, AND FOUL-UPS.
THE CAPTAIN IS CONFIDENT THAT NO MATTER HOW INSANE HIS PLANS, NO MATTER HOW QUESTIONABLE HIS MOTIVES...
.. NO MATTER HOW APPALLING HIS MEANS, HE CAN COUNT ON SUPPORT FROM MISTER FELDMAN.
AND THAT, MY FRIENDS, IS WHY HERMAN IS SO VALUABLE TO JACK. NOW IF YOU'D BE SO KIND AS TO REPLACE THE LID, I'LL BE GETTING BACK TO MY STEAMBATH..

WE CAN GET A COUPLE OF COKES AND AN ALMOND JOY BAR AT THE LAUNDROMAT...
CHUNG'S
USE OTHER DOOR

ADAM, AM I TO ASSUME FROM THIS DISPLAY THAT YOU'RE A LITTLE.. ..CONCERNED ABOUT DEALING WITH THE PATE GANG?
I'M GOING TO SAY SOMETHING, ADAM. AND I WANT YOU TO LISTEN. ARE YOU LISTENING?
YES, CAPTAIN.
I'VE DEALT WITH MOB-TYPES BEFORE. THEY MAY PUT UP A FRONT OF SOPHISTICATION, BUT THEY'RE JUST LIKE ANY OTHER COMMON THUG.
THE THING IS TO GET THE UPPER HAND RIGHT FROM THE MOMENT HIS SECURITY GOON OPENS THE DOOR. SO WHATEVER HAPPENS, STAY COOL, SAVVY?
YEAH. I'LL BE COOL. I JUST HOPE YOU KNOW WHAT YOU'RE DOING..
RELAX, ALREADY! I KNOW WHAT I'M DOING!

KNOK KNOK
YES?
WHO IS IT, ZIGGY?
DUNNO, MA'M.. SOME GUY.
EXCUSE ME. I THINK I HAVE THE WRONG HOUSE.
WHAT HOUSE YOU WANT?
UH, 3950 CASS AVE.
NO MISTAKE. THIS THE HOUSE.
WHO THE HELL IS IT, ZIG?!
KEEP YER SHIRT ON, WILLYA? I'M TRYNA FIND OUT.
WHO THE HELL ARE YOU?
UH, YEAH... MY NAME IS...

DAMMIT, ZIGGY! -GOTTA HANDLE THINGS M'SELF LIKE ALWAYS, DON'T I?
OL' ZIG'S ABOUT AS USEFUL AS A COAL BUNKER IN A DESERT! OUGHTA FIRE HIS ASS OUTTA HERE.. BE THE THIRD TIME THIS WEEK, TOO.
SO WHO THE HELL ARE YOU?
JACK IS THE NAME! HAPPY JACK! I WANT TO SPEAK TO B.O. PATE! IS HE IN?!
PATE'S IN, BUT I DON'T THINK HE'S REAL TALKATIVE AT THE MOMENT.
IS THIS A SOCIAL CALL, OR BUSINESS?
BUSINESS.
WELL, I HANDLE THE BUSINESS IN THIS FAMILY. I'M HIS WIFE, DOTTY.
C'MON IN AND SET A SPELL, MISTER JACK.
ARE WE GON' TALK BUSINESS OR ARE YOU GON' JUST SIT THERE LIKE A SACK O' OATMEAL? GET IN HERE!

PATE?
COFFEE
PATE HONEY.. SAY HELLO TO OUR GUESTS HERE..
MACKINAC ISLAND
HE'S AWFULLY STILL... HE ISN'T...
..DEAD? NAW. HE JUST AIN'T BEEN OFF THAT DAMN COUCH IN TWENTY YEARS!
I TOLD HIM, I SAID, "PATE, AIN'T GOOD YOU LAYIN' ONNA COUCH LIKE THAT ALLA TIME", BUT HE DON'T LISTEN...

WOULD YOU CARE FOR A DRINK, MISTER JACK?
CERTAINLY.

ZIGGY!!
GIT YER ASS OVER HERE!

ZIGGY! RUN OVER TO THE CORNER AND GET A BOTTLE OF WINE, AND A PACK OF CIGARETTES..
YES'M.

AND DON'T YOU GO BRINGIN' BACK THAT CHEAP THUNDERBIRD LIKE YOU SWILL!

YES'M.

AND GET ME SOME ASTHMA SPRAY WHILE YOU'RE AT IT! M'LUNGS IS STARTIN' TO GO! YA HEAR ME?!?
YES'M.

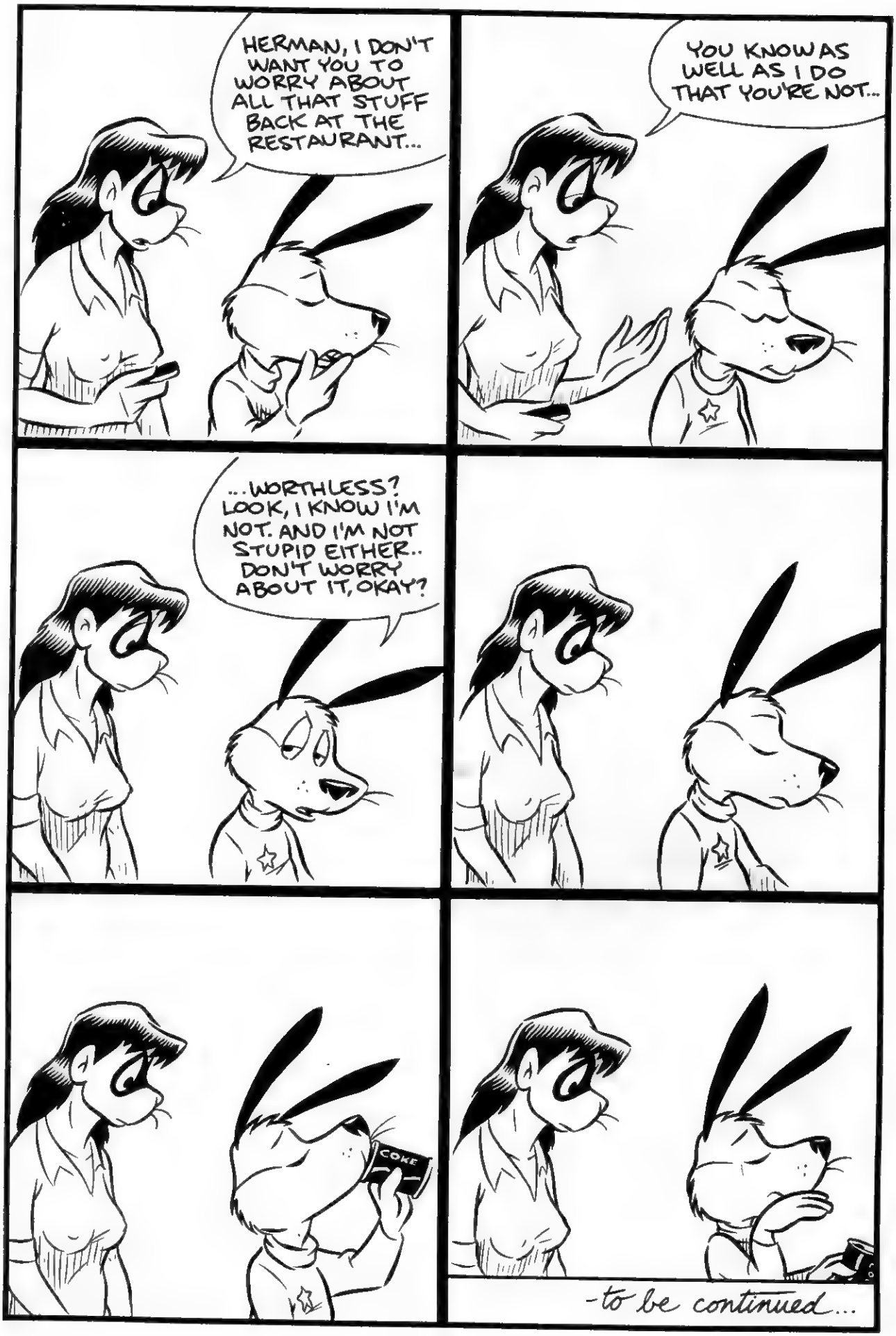
SO, WHAT DID Y'ALL COME TO SEE US ABOUT, MISTER JACK?
WELL, IT'S LIKE THIS...
...I RUN A SMALL, BUT ENTERPRISING TRUCKING FIRM. I UNDERSTAND THAT YOU'VE TAKEN AN INTEREST IN SOME OF OUR LOCAL BUSINESSES, IS THAT SO?
I RUN THIS TOWN, IF THAT'S WHAT YOU MEAN.. NOW GET ON DOWN TO THE BRASS TACKS!
ER, YES! WELL...
YOU SEE, WE'RE EXPERIENCING A CASH-FLOW PROBLEM. WE NEED TO RENOVATE, AND...
..AND YOU CAME TO HIT US FER A LOAN, RIGHT? HOW MUCH?
TEN THOUSAND.
AND WHAT WAS YOU PLANNIN'ON PUTTIN' UP FER COLLATERAL?
COLLATERAL, YOU SAY?

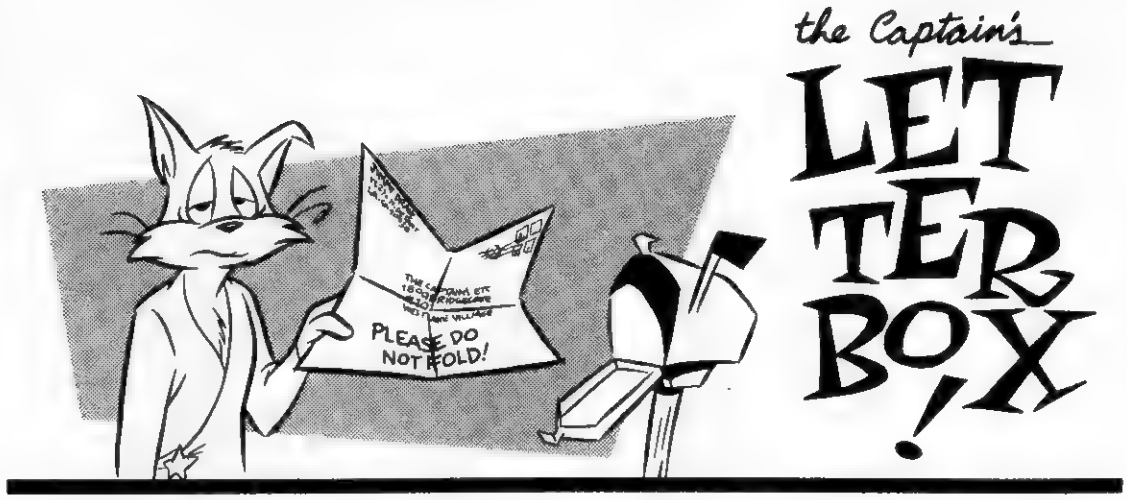
THAT'S WHAT I SAID. I DON'T LEND MONEY TO NO TWO-BIT TRUCKERS WITHOUT THEY PUT UP COLLATERAL, AND I...
-JUST A MINUTE, SOMEONE AT THE DOOR.
-THAT YOU, ZIGGY?
YES'M.
WELL BRING IN THE WINE!
-HAVE A HIT?
ZIGGY, COME INTO THE KITCHEN A MINUTE...
NOW, ZIG - WHEN I ASK YOU TO BRING IN THE WINE...
YES'M?
Memo:
Hit list.
Hal Sutherland
Lou Scheimer
Ew Kaplan
John Cuneo

I MEANT PUT IT IN A GLASS FIRST!!
Sock!
POW!
Thud!
Kretch!
OW! YES MA'M.
SORRY 'BOUT THAT... OL' ZIG'S GOT AS MUCH SENSE AS A POSSUM INNARD AT A ALLIGATOR CONUENTION..
Memo:
Hit list:
Joe Barbera
Bill Hanna
Ken Spears
Joe Ruby
I COULD PUT UP MY PROPERTY.
PROPERTY, EH? IS IT IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD?
OH, YES!
AIN'T WORTH NUTHIN' IF IT IN THIS HERE NEIGHBORHOOD. WHAT ELSE YOU GOT?
REFRESHMENTS, ANYONE?
Memo:
Hit list:
Oh, heck! -just wipe out every cartoon Producer in Hollywood.

NO THANK YOU. I DON'T DRINK.
HONESTLY?
YOUR MAN ON THE "WAGON", IS HE?
NO, NOTHING LIKE THAT. HE'S A ROBOT!
YOU PULLIN' MY LEG! THEY DON'T MAKE ROBOTS LIKE THAT!
NO KIDDING! HERE'S HIS PAPERS..
WELL I'LL BE! SO HE IS! HOW MUCH HE SET YOU BACK?
WELL, I SORT OF BARTERED FOR HIM, BUT I WAS TOLD THE TOTAL COST FROM DEVELOPMENT TO ASSEMBLY RAN INTO THE BILLIONS!
IS THAT A FACT? MISTER JACK, I DO BELIEVE YOU GOT SOME COLLATERAL AFTER ALL...

COIN RETURN
ALMOND JOY
2 BIG Pieces!
USE CARE WHEN WASHING EXPLOSIVES! TOO MUCH BLEACH WILL GIVE A POOR WASH the Management.
PLEASE DON'T GET ANGRY AT OUR MACHINES.
Don't Forget! CHECK MACHINES CAREFULLY FOR SOCKS
CANDY
MILK
COKE
JAYTAG


HERMAN, I DON'T WANT YOU TO WORRY ABOUT ALL THAT STUFF BACK AT THE RESTAURANT...
YOU KNOW AS WELL AS I DO THAT YOU'RE NOT...
...WORTHLESS? LOOK, I KNOW I'M NOT. AND I'M NOT STUPID EITHER.. DON'T WORRY ABOUT IT, OKAY?
COKE
-to be continued...



Send all letters to: THE CAPTAIN'S LETTERBOX, 1800 Bridgegate Street #101, Westlake Village, CA 91361

Dear Mikeepoo:

I read it, but I didn't believe it. How can you have low sales?! You're such a great animator, and great everything! I think, in Steven McAllister's letter (issue #10), he had the right idea: you're gonna be big, big, big, I tell you! Why, if you quit doing these comics, I'd be lost. Not to mention, I would camp out on your doorstep until you produce more *Captain Jacks*. What would the neighbors think then?

The problem with you is you're too too great. Remember Mozart? Van Gogh? Great minds take at least 100 years' delay before the normal human being can comprehend it as great (or a great sense of humor).

In essence, all of your readers are great, too! They know a good thing when they see it and so do I. By the way, did I tell you you're great?

Love,

NORMA JEAN KAZALEH
Santa Monica, CA

I think everyone *should have a sister like this, don't you? That's my Normy!* —*MK*

Dear Mike:

It's like this, see?

I'm buzzing through my local comics store (World of Fantasy, San Jose) surveying the ruins of the B&W shakeout, when I happen upon *Captain Jack* #10. "Now, I've heard of this," sez I, "but I've not looked into it myself." So, buy. Look. Look again. Ask stupid question, "*Why have I not been reading something this good?!*" Back myself into the ass-kicking machine (a B-29 engine with a boot on each propeller blade) again.

But, mistakes can be rectified. I have a back-issue order in with Fantagraphics, and, for issues #1 and #2, I have baited a large pit trap with a copy of *Albedo* #2. I'll get 'em eventually, and my supplier now has it on my list (must encourage the dealer/distributor/etc., capitalism and all that).

I see from your letters page that you're having censorship and publication problems. I recall chasing *Omaha* through various magazines, formats, and publishers for years, concerned that each issue would be the last. Now there's no stopping it.

So, you and the Cap'n hang tough. You have the tools; you have the talent. The rest is time.

Sincerely,

DAVE WHITE
Cupertino, CA

Dear Mike:

I was dearly afraid that the good Captain and his madcap crew had gone to comic book heaven. You know—where all good entertaining literature (a.k.a.: graphic novels) departs to when sales are below the publisher's projections. I just want to say for the record now that I'm cheering for Fantagraphics to keep a stiff upper lip in the face of dismal sales. While I realize that what the Cap says on the inside cover of #10 is truly depressing, I'm more than willing to put up with a reduced page count, as long as it will mean continued adventures. All you have to do is ask my local bookstore about the withdrawal symptoms I've had while waiting for #10 to arrive. Even if worst comes to worst and you go semi-annually, (shudder), *don't stop now*!!! Heck, if it were possible, I'd buy stock in Fantagraphics to keep *Captain Jack* going!

A side note about the story "When is a Dog. . . Not a Dog?" Ouch. That one hit a little close to home. I've heard stories from my friends about having to give up their best friend because of conflicts with parents. I hope it's only a story, because it hurt. Do a follow-up where the kid grows up, gets a pit bull, and sics it on her parents.

Anyway, keep up the good work with Happy Jack.

Sincerely,

JOE NICKENCE
Chicago, IL

Dear Cap:

Issue #10. What can I say? I'd better come up with something or this is going to be one short letter.

Captain Jack has become one of those comics that I cannot wait to read. This is a limited company shared only with *Albedo, Fusion, Critters*, and *Southern Knights*. Like that company? Oh, I read a lot of comics; my bank account (or lack of) proves that, but the above-mentioned along with the Captain's magazine constitute the "hard core" of my reading. (And I'll have no stupid puns from the peanut gallery about the double-entendre meanings of "hard

core!" Have some respect, people!)

What do you have in common with all of the above? In a word, you all have character. You don't bend to either the Comics Code banalities, or the general opinions of what comics are supposed to be about (i.e., 10-14 year-old mentality, and mores), but, instead, have the courage to go after a more adult world view of subjects such as love, personal relationships, "human?" rights (I know, that one gets me every time I try to explain it in the context of these particular publications), and how to get along in this shared cosmos without killing ourselves off.

Wow! *Captain Jack* a modern morality play? Ponder the scenario, please. You have three different species, one robot, and a supernatural whatever-he-is living and working together, each concerned with the other's welfare and trying to do their best under a bureaucracy that is not always kind to individuals trying to do their best. You accomplish the story's atmosphere without resorting to soap opera or melodrama, and always let the characters' feelings come through as if they are telling the tail (sorry, had to do that) themselves. You maintain an honesty in their interactions which draws the reader to them as to old friends. That is the measure of *Captain Jack*'s success and it is not a measure of sales or critical acclaim (ask Steve Gallacci how I feel about art critics in general), but of honesty and empathy.

This is good stuff.

Sincerely,

JIMMY M. HINES
West Monroe, LA

This sort of thing makes my day. —MK

Aaaaay!

Jack's back! Oh, goodie!

I was afraid he was dead 'n' gone forever. Real glad to see it ain't so! The message at the front was depressing—but what th' hell, almost all the world's great artists starved at the start (and often the end, too) of their careers. So buck up! 100 years after you're dead, you'll be hailed as a genius. Anyhoo, as I was saying—I'm glad t' see that Jack will still be around, even if it is only now 'n' then. So they all went home, huh? "Good ol' Detroit, it hasn't changed a bit!" Cruel, Mike, Cruel. Good story, tho! How *will* the Cap'n'crew expand with no money to do it with? (The cash getting eaten up by forgotten bills is sorta like the ending of my space opera, "The Diet"—it's about a klutz and his robots trying to recover a stolen diet plan for the fattest man in the Universe—but back to business.)

I'm looking forward to the next issues with customary eagerness —leavened with patience, for who knows when it will appear... durn! "When Is a Dog—Not a Dog?" was very touching. I admire your ability to sucker-punch the reader with such an (apparently) simple story and illustrations.

Ummm...and as for any accusations that you're a smut peddler—ignore 'em. Your comics don't bear the faintest resemblance to smut. Just compare 'em to the enclosed mini-comic... now *that's* smut! (I wonder where the word "smut" came from... pehaps the German "schmutz"? Anyhoo...

The back-page strip of the flying dream reminded me sharply of a couple of similar dreams that I had back in Iceland. With differences, though: I was keenly aware of the fact that I was flying. Also, my flight was not easy to control. I sort of had to "fling" or "push" my body around to avoid bumping into buildings. I got around it by going up so high that I was above all the buildings. Sorta scary—if my flying ability suddenly quit, I'd fall down and go "splat." I must have a good imagination, for the aerial view of the town was very realistic—and I've never been above the town in real life, so I couldn't have *known* what it looked like. Ah, I'm probably boring you. Still, I wish I could have one of those dreams here—I'd like to see Boston from the air.

Ummm...just one last question. In the pages with Zip-a-tone, did you use the stick-on stuff, or

ILLUSTRATION BY KJARTAN ARNORSSON

the kinda paper where you bring out the tone with brush-on solvent? Just curious.

Well, that's about it for this time. I greeted #10 with glee, and look forward to the next issue, whenever it may appear.

Yours sincerely. . .the comics fiend!

KJARTAN ARNORSSON
Allston, MA

Gad! This mini-comic really is vile! Fun, though. For those of you taking note, the gray tones that sometimes appear in the stories is done with "cut and stick" adhesive-backed dot pattern stuff.

—MK

Dear Mike & Co.:

It's great to see you back in the saddle again, Mike. "Homeward Bound" is one of your best works yet. From the dream life the Captain described to the others to their crash into reality (dreams are only that, right?) when they reached Earth, which goes to show that dreams are sometimes better than real life.

I'm hoping to see in future issues: 1) a look at Captain Jack's background and/or past lives, and 2) a look at the group through the eyes of Janet, 3) what would happen if Jack had a girl friend who decided to pop out of nowhere on them. The second story, "When Is a Dog. . . Not a Dog?," is a tragedy within a tragedy. When a little girl's happiness of life becomes shattered pieces of dreams that's all left for her to cling to.

Last, but not least, I enjoyed the back comic one-page gag, which I believe was one of the funniest one-pagers you've done since the one in *Critters* #21 titled "Pgog." All I can say is, "When you have dreams while you sleep, please leave your logic at home." One last question: what is hatching in that brain of Beezlebub (besides video-taping people in the shower?) What does the future hold for Herman & Janet's relationship (okay, that's two questions)? I hope to see more of Captain Jack in the near future. (*Captain Jack* #11 to be exact.) Happy space trails.

Sincerely yours,
SCOTT ALSTON
Philadelphia, PA

Dear Mike:

I've figured a way you could be even more in the forefront of today's comix with your *Captain Jack*: forget color covers (who needs 'em?!) Forget newsprint, just draw it smaller so two pages will fit on one 8½" x 11" page, and Xerox it! This would bring down cost, I'm sure, and you might even *raise* the price for the privilege of owning a copy of this bold experiment. Sound good? Till then, I'll still keep up with this big oversized giant you put out.

Captain Jack #10 was great. The facial expressions these guys pull, such as Jack's on the inside cover, and his "I'm about to explode into violence" look on p. 15, 4th panel just keep getting better and better (and speaking of that "art" dealer, don't think I didn't recognize his "literature"!) The story has taken a twist for the even-more-serious, more "down to earth" if you'll pardon the expression. I can't wait till your erratic schedule allows another issue out. It seems its always the best comix that leave you waiting, and then take three months to show.

Also, in the interest of helping you discern what works, I'll tell you what made me laugh most: 1) inside front cover message, 2) p. 8, top 3 panels, 3) p. 20, "—have one, Cap?", 4) p. 25, "A plan! I must have a plan!" I also liked the little girl in "When Is a Dog. . . Not a Dog?"

Speaking of non-Jack stuff, "De Woolf and De Leetle Boy Witt Lung Hair" [*Critters* #23] was very nice, but I found it too difficult to read easily (which is what killed that form of writing when it first appeared in America). Pretty cool, tho'. Vurry Nize.

Anyway, that's all for now.

P.S.: I *love* Mighty Mouse! What do you do on the slow? How much are you involved in its creative process? Any?

P.P.S.: Thanks for printing my letter in whatever ish it were.

CHRIS LARASON
Monroe, LA

Kim seemed to think that this would be an opportune time to plug Amazing Heroes *#129 for its in-depth article about the* Mighty Mouse *program. However, I don't think I could stoop to such crass commercialism as that. As this reply is being written, all of us at Bakshi's are scrambling about trying to bring you six new half-hours! Wow!*

My job on the show is mainly layout, which involves designing scenery, drawing character poses, and breakdown drawings and blocking out camera moves. Double wow!

I'm afraid that's all I have time for now. See you all next time for the big boffo-smasho-finale (cover below). Adios and be zorch daddio!

—MIKE KAZALEH

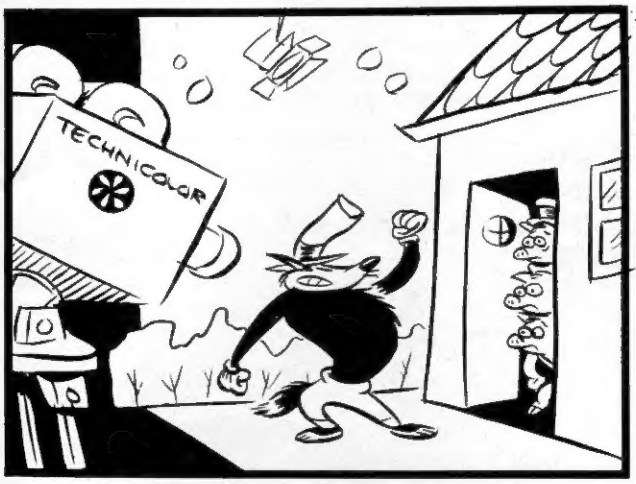
"Big Bad Love!"

HEY THERE, B.B.!
OH, HIYA SID. COME ON IN. YOU'RE JUST IN TIME TO SAY "GOODBYE" TO LITTLE L.B...
by MICKEY "HIMSELF" KAZAKI
~1988~

GOODBYE? IS HE GOING ON A TRIP?
YEAH. A LONG ONE. HE'S GOING TO LIVE WITH HIS MOTHER.

HIS MOTHER? DID I EVER MEET HER?
NO, NO. WE SPLIT UP WHEN I LEFT HOLLYWOOD. LET ME TELL YOU ABOUT IT...

"YOU REMEMBER I TOLD YOU I WAS IN THE MOVIES IN THOSE DAYS...? JUST A KID FROM THE STICKS WHO GOT HIS BIG BREAK."



"WELL, SIR..THAT FIRST PICTURE WON ME THE ACADEMY AWARD. I MET MRS. WOLF AT THE PARTY I THREW TO CELEBRATE."

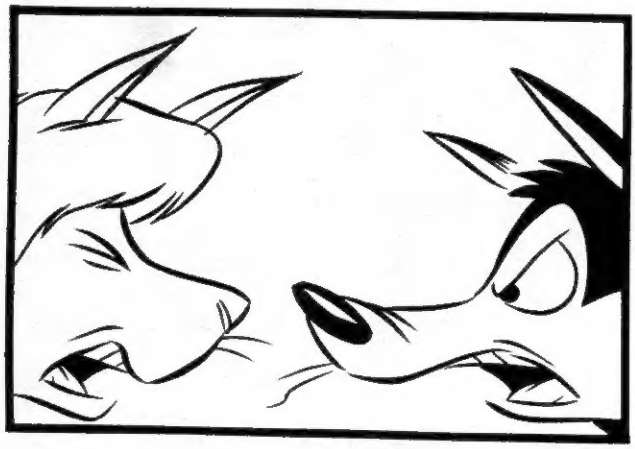
"FROM THAT MOMENT ON WE WERE ALWAYS TOGETHER. I WAS CRAZY ABOUT HER!"

"OUR WEDDING WAS COVERED BY ALL THE PAPERS. ANYONE WHO WAS ANYONE WAS THERE."

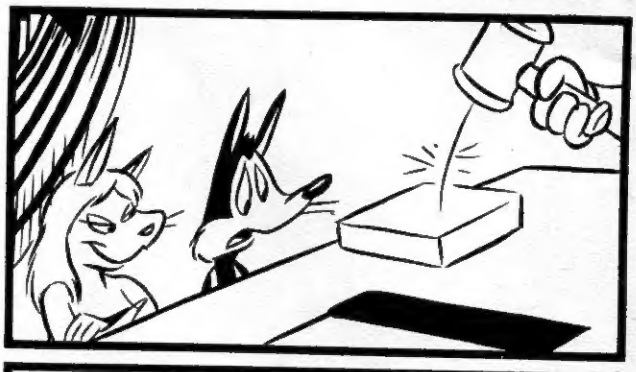
"THEN L.B. WAS BORN!"

"BUT BY THAT TIME, THE PUBLIC'S INTEREST IN MY FILMS HAD VANISHED. A YEAR WENT BY WITHOUT ME MAKING A PICTURE..."

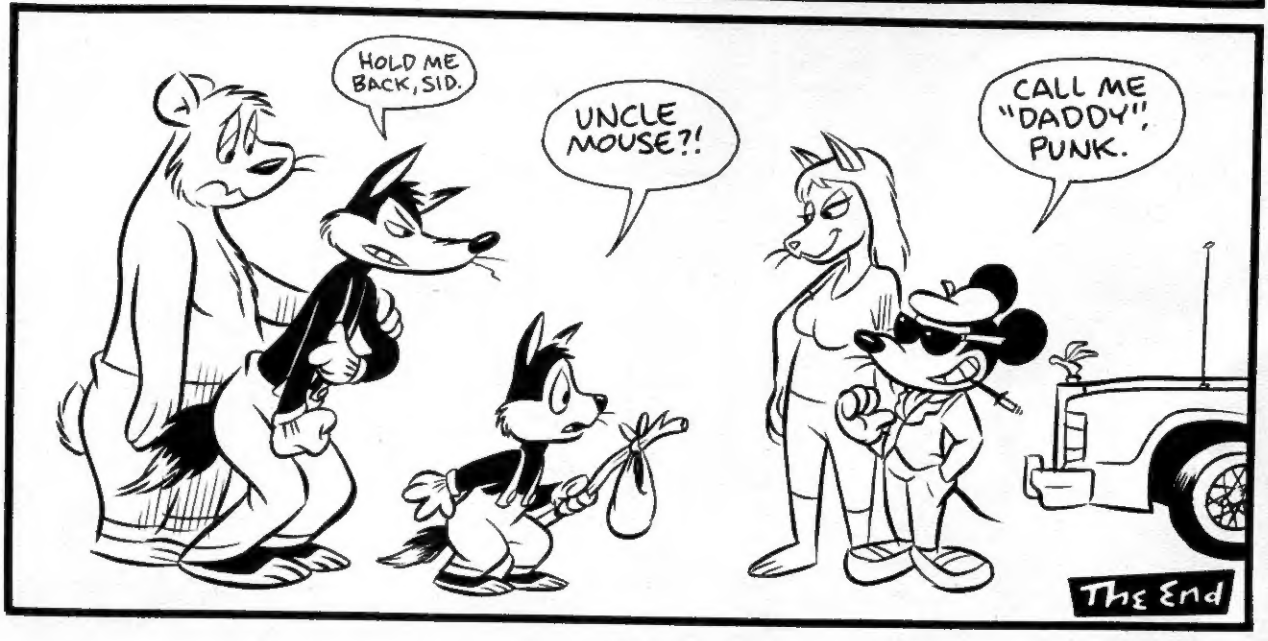
"WE WERE GOING BROKE. SHE TOLD ME TO GET A JOB. ANY JOB. I TOLD HER I WANTED TO GO BACK TO THE WOODS. THIS LED TO A BIG FIGHT."

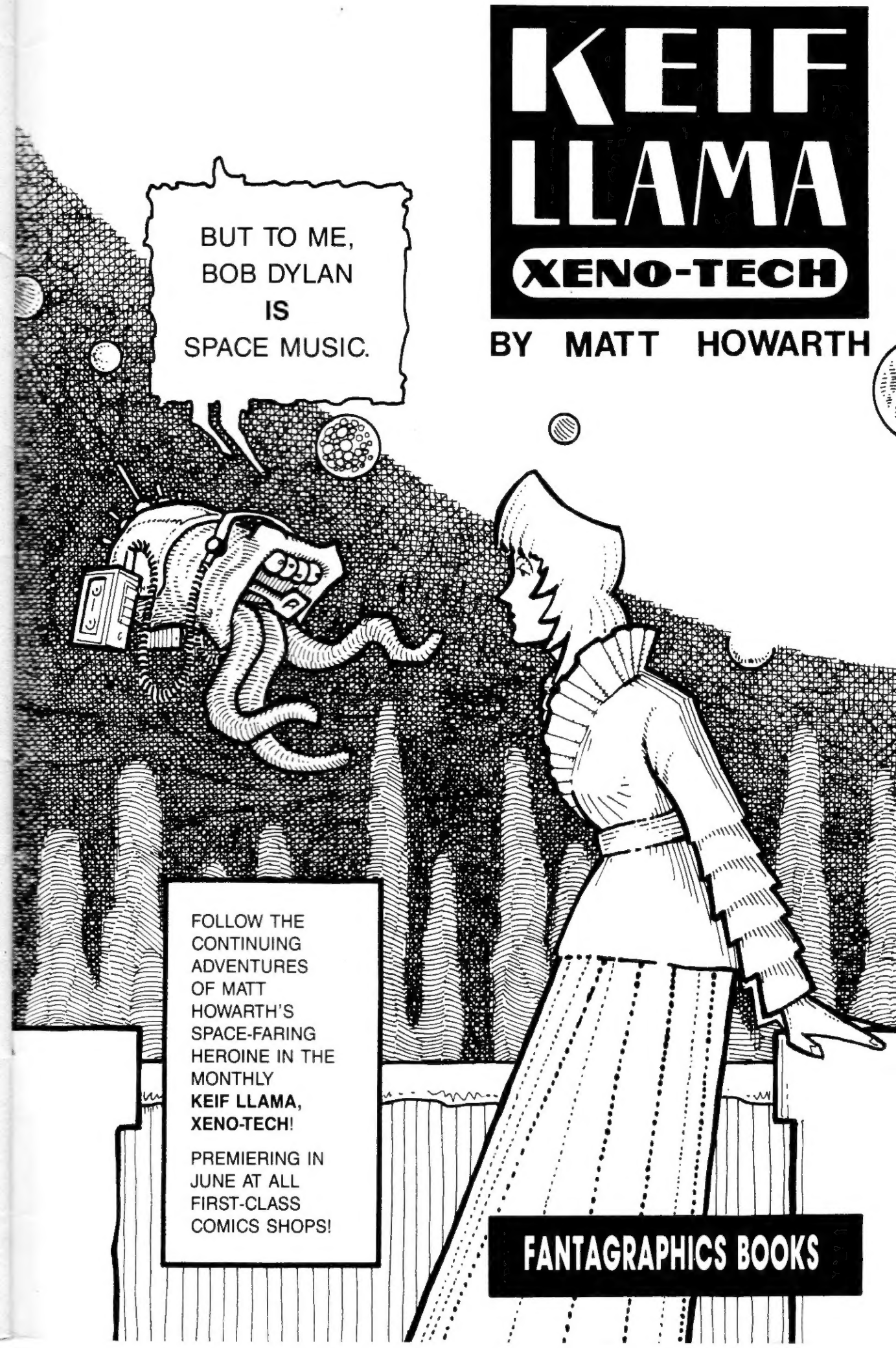


"WE WERE SOON DIVORCED. I TOOK L.B. WITH ME WHEN I LEFT. BUT HIS MOTHER STAYED BEHIND AND WENT TO COURT IN AN ATTEMPT TO GET CUSTODY OF HIM. IT WAS A LONG AND UGLY BATTLE. AND NOW, AFTER SIX YEARS, THE JUDGE HAS RULED IN HER FAVOR!"



THE DECK WAS STACKED AGAINST ME. THEY SAID THE WOODS WERE NO PLACE TO RAISE A KID. AND BECAUSE OF THAT MOVIE I WAS IN, EVERYONE THOUGHT I WAS A PIG KILLER. THE FINAL BLOW CAME WHEN SHE RE-MARRIED RECENTLY.




KEIF LLAMA
XENO-TECH
BY MATT HOWARTH
BUT TO ME, BOB DYLAN IS SPACE MUSIC.
FOLLOW THE CONTINUING ADVENTURES OF MATT HOWARTH'S SPACE-FARING HEROINE IN THE MONTHLY KEIF LLAMA, XENO-TECH!
PREMIERING IN JUNE AT ALL FIRST-CLASS COMICS SHOPS!
FANTAGRAPHICS BOOKS

NOW!
-with
X-K
ENZYMES
added!